1: Lowie E-5 (1926) 1939 NT20 Washo NT20

II. SOCIAL LIFE

Government—Property

Settlements were minute: Jack recalled none with as many as ten huts; usually there were from two to four. As a child he lived with his parents and maternal grandparents; the neighbors, about thirty feet away, were not kin.

Though Bill spoke of Captain Jim as chief (tc.upe"yu) of all the Washo, this was probably a recent development. Bill could not say whether Jim had inherited the office from his father. When the "captain" went to Washington, D.C., he took with him as assistant Dick Bender, who had been to the Indian School in Carson and spoke fair English. It is not clear that Jim and Dick were related, but both were p'alaa"ei (see below).

The chief had nothing to do with fighting enemies or adjusting quarrels within the tribe; his sole function was to arrange dances and other gatherings, where he would exhort the Washo to be good (Dave, Bill). Jack's notion of a typical speech follows:[1]

> Behave well, do not fight, play! If you lose, do not get angry. Play ball; some win, others lose. Play the basket game. Shoot rabbits, eat them. Make soup and eat it. After a while, shoot deer. Shoot grouse, sage hen, mountain quail, ground hogs, ground squirrels, meadow squirrels, small squirrels, mice. Go and hunt antelope and mountain sheep. Spear fish!

Daisy Bender and Big Susie gave this version of one of Captain Jim's speeches:[2]

> Dance! Interlocking your fingers, dance! Husbands, interlock fingers, now with interlocking fingers dance! Dance! Then dance with your wives. Behave properly! Don't fight. Dance with your wives, make your wives sleep well.

Special headmen led in hunting jack rabbits, deer, and antelope, respectively. The antelope headman dreamed the right to office; the two others were purely secular leaders, the rabbit chief, according to Dave, being chosen by the people.

Property rights were maintained for clumps of pine-nut trees, patches being marked off by lines of rocks. Bill's patch was west of Double Spring, he and his brother, Charlie Buell, having inherited from their father. Bill's mother claimed clumps west of Mountain House, some falling to my informant's share. Sally, his sister, might properly have claimed part, but did not do so. Brothers never quarreled over pine-nut privileges; and if they had plenty, they would allow a married sister to pick from their tract. On the other hand, trespass by a stranger was resented, the owner rebuking him with such words as, "Don't pick pine nuts here! They are not yours, but mine." This might even lead to fighting. Mrs. Hardy, the postmistress of Coleville (in 1926), told me that the Indians meticulously respected one another's claims. Dave's father and paternal uncle owned four patches, of which Dave inherited one. A thief's pole was sometimes broken up by the rightful owner of a patch.

[1] Recorded in Washo. [2] Recorded in Washo.